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Select Tale.

[From Arthur's Home Magazine.

THE PLEASANT RESULT.

BY LIZZIE LINWOOD.

Years ago I had a sister—Eliza—a tall, graceful girl whom death has since claimed. To my girlish fancy she was a fit object for adoration, and dearly did I love to sit and study the language of her pale face, though I could never tell which was the most beautiful—the pleasant smile upon her lips or the varied expression of her dark blue eye. I only knew I loved her, and felt she was something more than human. But with all her stateliness their was, at times, a quiet drollery about her which provoked mirth in spite of sad thoughts and sickening fears.

We had another sister—Mary—a prudish little being, between us in age, whose difference from either harmonized well in the trio.

It was a holiday for us when we could get a nice joke upon our sober sister, and witness her consternation and helplesness to retort.

We had been looking for some weeks for a visit from our brother, who was doing business in a distant city, but were suddenly surprised one afternoon, by the arrival of his most intimate friend—Frank Farlow—whom we had never seen, but of whom we had heard much. He had been west, on business, and knowing our place of residence and having been assured by my brother of a warm welcome, had determined to stop and rest for a few days from the fatigue of his journey, and form the acquaintance of the 'sisters,' of whom he had such frequent descriptions.

We only needed to hear his name before we were ready to bid him 'welcome,' and extend to him the cordialities of the house, for—was he not our brother's friend? He looked weary and travel worn, and sister Eliza, whose sympathies were ever warm for the physicaly weak, begged of him, after partaking of some refreshments, to rest for an hour, and herself conducted him to the old fashioned parlor chamber, where many a traveler and honored guest had rested their wearied bodies, and had, had their aching eyes soothed by the pleasant shade of green the well trained vines cast in at the windows, and threw around the homely, though comfortable room.

Sister Mary had gone to visit a sick friend, and it was dusk before we saw her coming leisurely up the lane that led to the house. Mr. Harlow had not yet come down, and as I glanced at Sister Eliza I saw plainly that some sport was to be had, if possible, without sacrificing truth.

We heard the front door open—two or three measured steps—and then with one wild cry of delight our usually sedate sister rushed into the parlor, exclaiming,

'Where is he? Where is he? Has Warren come?'

'Warren! What should make you think he had come?' replied Eliza, with the most vexing indifference.

'Why whose traveling trunk is this in the hall—and whose cloak?'

'Oh they belong to a young man who is going to spend a few days with us,' answered Eliza again, with the most provoking calmness. 'He is resting a little while in the parlor chamber—he will be ——"

Sister Mary did not wait to hear the sentence finished, but hastily throwing off her bonnet and shawl, was in the hall and had ascended the stairs before we had time to think whether it was best to call her back or not,

It was warm weather, and our guest had left his door partly open, and with a large palm leaf fan in his hand had thrown himself upon a lounge, and was indulging in a most refreshing nap. The fan had fallen so that it hid the greater part of his face, leaving only the forehead and hair, which closely resembled my brothers exposed.

Sister Mary carefully approached and looked in, but getting a glimpse of the short, brown curls, she waived all hesitation, and with out-stretched arms rushed across the room, and bending over the sleeper, and pushing aside the fan, gave him a most hearty and sisterly—kiss!

The young man waked suddenly, and was greatly amazed at finding himself in the warm embrace of a young girl. But—our sister! Oh! it was too bad!

It was some moments before she fairly comprehended her situation, and realized that the person before her was an entire stranger.

Eliza and myself had followed her, and were standing a little without the door, enjoying, to the superlative degree, the little scene being enacted within.

Recovering her self-possession at last, our poor victim turned to escape, but stopped short again at sight of her tormentors, and sinking into a chair, covered her confused face with both hands, and burst into tears.

This was too much for Eliza's kind heart, and she hastily stepped forward, begging pardon, and gravely explaining matters to our astonished guest, while Mary, seeing the passage clear; made good her retreat,

We followed, but no coaxing or persuasion could induce our sedate and victimized sister to be seen in the parlor that evening; as for the two days that followed, she kept her room closely; only venturing out when she knew Mr. Harlow was not in the house, or was safely shut up in his room. We begged her pardon again and again, and although she declared she cherished no hardness against us, we could not prevail upon her to allow us to give her a formal introduction to the young man.

Such extreme delicacy at last created a most ardent desire in our guest to see the possessor, and he laughingly declared he would tire her out, until she was forced to seek air and exercise,

She wearied at last of such close confinement, and taking a book one morning when she thought we were all engaged, she strolled into the orchard, We had a nice seat there under a large apple tree, and throwing herself upon it, and forgetting for awhile her mortification, she gave herself up to pleasant thoughts and the perusal of her book.

She must have remained there longer than she had designed, for it was not until sister Eliza had gone into the kitchen to see about dinner, that Mr. Harlow arose and yawningly declared that he must walk around a little to see if he could not pick up a relish for the good things we heaped upon him at our noontide meal.

I was no sooner alone, than I hastened to sister's room, to try for the fortieth time to disuade her from her foolish course. I found her door open and the room vacated, and with merry hope I hurried to the kitchen with the news, and to discuss with sister Eliza the probabilities of an unexpected meeting somewhere upon the premises.

'You go, Harriet,' said Eliza, with a meaning smile, 'and see that she does herself no harm, while I stay and help Susan to get the dinner upon the table.'

I did not need to be told the second time.—Throwing on my sun bonnet, I directed my steps toward the garden; but a feeling of guilt intruded itself, and I instinctively looked back for encouragement.

A sympathetic feeling must, at the same moment, have taken possession of sister Eliza, for she had come to the door to look after me, and seeing my hesition, reached out a plate she held in her hand, saying with another droll expression of countenance.

'Get a little lettuce, won't you?'

I went back and took the plate, and thus fortified against appearance of unwarrantable curiosity, I made my way into the garden.

The orchard was just beyond, with no fence between, and the bed of lettuce was at the further end of the garden.

I walked briskly along intent upon my business, but took the liberty, before I stooped among the green leaves, to take a careful survey beyond, and was rewarded by a fair view of sister Mary seated under the apple tree, reading, apparently with the most perfect heedlessness as to whether any one was near, while Mr. Harlow—hat in hand—stood at a little distance regarding her attentively, seeming undetermined whether to proceed or retreat.

I sat down to pick my lettuce, keeping watch of the two, but before I had half finished the young man began to move cautiously along toward my sister, and approached so closely before she looked up that I was more than half inclined to believe she knew more of who was near than she cared to have any one think.

Child that I was, my face burned and trembled so that I was scarce able to rise from my position, when I saw her start, and, dropping her book, draw her bonnet coquettishly over her face.

It was but the work of a moment for Mr. Harlow to pick up the fallen volume—with the most obsequious bows present it to her—and, I fancied from the movement, beg a seat beside her.

I hurried back to the house and made my report, much to the amusement of those who listened, while sister Eliza added, with a comical effort to look distressed;

'And now—and now, Harriet, we may as well give him up. Oh! what if we should be old maids! Oh! oh! But—Mary won't.'

It was not until we had rung our little dinner bell the second time, that our guest made his appearance, leading the conquered girl, and looking as well satisfied as though he had gained a kingdom.

We were already seated at the table, for our scrupulously punctual father would never allow us to keep dinner waiting for any one, but with his usual urbanity, and kind desire to make a stranger feel at home, he begged of Mr. Harlow to be seated, assuring him that the girls had prepared a most excellent dinner and it would not do to let the dishes spoil by standing. He inquired particularly after sister Mary's health—much to her embarrassment and our amusement—for he did not understand how matters stood; innocently supposing, as we had equivocatingly intimated, that it was a slight indisposition that had caused her absence from the table for the two days previous.

Our staid mother, who was better informed about the matter, but who did not allow herself to stoop from her dignity to interest herself in our foolishness, cast a sly glance over her glasses, and let her lips work into a smile, sufficient to betray her relationship to the droll creature who had been the moving cause of our merriment, while the viands at length claimed the attention of all, and a general sociability followed.

That afternoon and evening, as may be imagined, my elder sister and myself had to entertain ourselves as best we could, for Mr. Harlow was all intent upon continuing the acquaintance he had commenced in the morning, and in drawing from beneath their prudish covering, my sister Mary's excellent and interesting traits of character.

Matters progressed rapidly, and when, after a few days more, our guest informed us that his visit must close, we were neither surprised or inclined to turn into ridicule his serious proposal to visit us again.

He had taken leave of our parents, and had come into the parlor 'to bid the young ladies adieu.'

Sister Mary was sitting by a table turning over the leaves of an album, but we saw by the moisture in her eye, and the slight quivering of her lip, that she was indulging in thoughts quite uncommon to her, and with sobered face and serious thoughts, we gave the parting hand to our brother's friend and withdrew, leaving the two alone.

From the window in the upper hall we had a view of the lumbering stage—heard 'the gentle good bye'—saw the last, lingering look, and, with hearts filled with tenderness for the sister of whose society we began to think we might be robbed, we went below without inclination to teaze, and filled with deep respect for the new feeling that had come into our midst.

Six months after we were called again to say 'adieu.' Father, mother, sister Eliza and myself. Mary was leaving us a happy bride!

THE WIFE FOR ME.

Horace Hastings was a sober, sensible, enterprising bachelor, of some seven and twenty years, who, having obtained an excellent reputation for his industry and integrity, and having made himself useful in the merchantile firm in Boston, with whom he had served an apprenticeship, was at length invited to a partnership in the firm. For some time he had been encouraged to anticipate this elevation, and he soberly and energetically entered upon the new duties of his position. When business crowded he had but little leisure to mourn over his celibate condition; but when the hurrying season was over, and hours each day hung heavy on his hands, he could not help thinking how delightful it would be, had he a house, and a gentle wife of his own. His pecuniary circumstances now warranted such luxuries, and he resolved to marry when he found a lady just suited to his mind.

Near a country villiage in Maine, not a thousand miles from Bangor, lived an old friend of his father's; and being on a collecting tour in that region during the autumn months, he determined to accept an oft-repeated invitation to spend a few days with the old gentlemen, and sent a note announcing his coming.

At the appointed time he reached the residence of his old friend, and found that the family were prepared and pleased to receive him as a guest. In the parlor were two ladies well dressed and quite handsome. He was duly introduced to Miss Jane and Charlotte, and found them accomplished and sensible young ladies. Being just now very susceptible to the tender passion, he was easily pleased, and exerted his power to render himself aggreeable to the flattered maidens. He succeeded of course. Sensible men of his age and prospect always do when they try. And his eye wandered in conversation, from one handsome intelligent face to another, he caught himself several times mentally inquiring, 'Which would make the better wife?'

The mother and a neat looking maid were seen several times passing from the kitchen preparing supper. The girl who set out the table and spread the white stainless cloth, and arranged the plates seemed to do it gracefully and quietly, as if she had made such duties a study as a science, and won a glance of admiration as a very neat and pretty servant—a model of 'help.' Altogether, he thought it was a very charming family. When they sat at the cheerful supper and tasted the light homemade bread, and the home-cured beef, the hot, well flavored tea; the excellency and good taste manifested in the whole ordering, he felicitated himself upon having found so pleasant a home, if even it was only for a few days. After the supper was over and the table cleared, a third young lady neatly dressed entered the room, and was formaly introduced to him as one of the sisters, Miss Sarah. He was not a little surprised to find that the neat servant-girl, whose handiwork had won his admiration, was one of the sisters. He found her sprightly, cheerful and accomplished, and he thought a little more graceful than her sister Jane' who was older, or Charlotte, who was younger than herself. He thought a little meanly of himself, for having taken her for a hired girl in the family, but not a whit more meanly of her for having revealed herself in that capacity. And his perplexity was somewhat increased as he sat down on his bedside in the chamber to which he was shown by his host, and said to himself, "Which of the three."

In the morning, after a night's sound sleep—for he was not sufficiently in love to keep him awake—he entered the breakfast room, and was soon joined by the two young ladies who had first welcomed him. Sarah was not visible; but when they had sat down at the table, and Jane had poured the coffee, Sarah came smiling in, behind a clean white apron, and with a steaming pile of buckwheat cakes in her hand, which, from the hue of her cheeks, she had just been baking. If there was a blush on her cheek, any eye might see it was forced there by the fire, and not by any sense of degradation on account of the office she gracefully filled. She greeted the guest with a welcome smile, deposited her load of eatables, and returned to the kitchen, whence she tripped again in a few moments with another plate of cakes most beautifully baked by her own skill. Horace eat a large quantity of them, more than enough merely to satisfy hunger, because of the beautiful little hands that made them. And then he wandered over the farm with the old man, and prated of horses, and cows, and crops, as though he knew something about them, as well as broadcloths and calicoes. At dinner time Jane and Charlotte were in the parlor waiting for him, and Sarah, as usual, was bustling about the kitchen. "I do wish" said he, soto voice, "that one of those girls would take Sarah's place in the kitchen a little while, that I might find out some of their housekeeping qualities, and that I might have a little more chat with her."

But he waited for such a change in vain, though he found some opportunities of converse, and discovered all he wished to know just then about her mental qualifications and acquirements; and at the close of the fourth day, just before he got into bed, he slapped the white counterpane emphatically and said to it—as there was nobody in the room at the time, I suppose he must have spoken to the counterpane or the bed post—'She's the girl for me.'

The next day was the outer limit of his visit; and as he stood at the window after breakfast, he saw Sarah with that witching white apron, trip down into the orchard to shake down some apples, for it was baking-day, and pies were to be made, Horace strolled out after her, and shook the tree, and helped to pick the apples and carried the basket as they returned slowly to the house. What he whispered in her ear she never told, but she seemed not displeased, though evidently surprised, and a little frightened.

A year after Horace was at the house of his friend again, and this time Sarah was not so much in the kitchen. There were great preparations for a wedding to go forward and in a few days Sarah became the Mrs. Horace Hastings, and now, in a splendid mansion, she fully justifies the wisdom of her husband's choice, by being to him a most excellent wife, and superlative housekeeper.

THE SWEARER REBUKED.—On a certain occasion, General Washihgton invited a number of his fellow officers to dine with him. While at the table one of them uttered an oath. The General dropped his knife and fork in a moment, and in his deep undertone and characteristic dignity and deliberation, said, 'I thought that we all supposed ourselves gentlemen.' He then resumed his knife and fork, and went on as before. The remark struck like an electric shock, and, as was intended, did execution, as his remarks, in such cases, were very apt to do. No person swore at the table after that. And after dinner the officer referred to, remarked to his companion, that if the general had struck him over the head with his sword, he could have borne it; but the home thrust which he gave him was too much. It was too much for a gentleman. And it is hoped that it will be too much for any one who pretends to be a gentleman.

☞ Charles Dickens has purchased a cottage of Queen Anne's time, a cottage with cedars and a lawn near London. The rising ground on which this cottage lifts its head is Gadshill, famed by Shakespeare as the haunt of Falstaff.

The Boy Who Conquered.

Some few years ago, a lad who was left without faher or mother, of good natural abilities, went to New York, alone and friendless, to get a situation in a store as errand boy or otherwise, till he could command a higher position; but this boy had got in bad company, and had got in the habit of calling for his 'bitters' occasionally, because he thought it looked manly. He smoked cheap cigars also.

He had a pretty good education, and on looking over the papers he noticed that a merchant in Pearl street wanted a lad of his age, and he called there and made his business known.

'Walk into the office, my lad,' said the merchant, 'I'll attend to you soon'.

When he had waited on his customer he took a seat near the lad, and he espied a cigar in his hat. This was enough. 'My boy' said he, 'I want a smart, honest, faithful lad; but I see that you smoke cigars, and in my experience of many years, I have ever found cigar-smoking lads to be connected with various other evil habits, and if I am not mistaken, your breath is an evidence that you are not an exception. You can leave; you will not suit me.'

John—for this was his name—held down his head and left the store; as he walked along the street, a stranger and friendless, the council of his poor mother came forcibly to his mind, who upon her death-bed called him to her side, and placing her emaciated hand upon his head, said, 'Johnny, my dear boy, I am going to leave you. You well know what disgrace and misery your father brought on us before his death, and I want you to promise me before I die, that you will never taste one drop of the accursed poison that killed your father. Promise me this, and be a good boy, Johnny, and I shall die in peace.

The scalding tears trickled down Johnny's cheeks, and he promised ever to remember the dying words of his mother, and never to drink any spiritous liquors; but he soon forgot his promise, and when he received the rebuke from the merchant, he remembered what his mother had said, and what he had promised her, and he cried aloud, and people gazed at him as he passed along, and boys railed at him. He went to his lodgings, and throwing himself upon the bed, gave vent to his feelings in sobs that were heard all over the house.

But John had moral courage. He had energy and determination, and ere an hour had passed, he had made up his mind never to taste another drop of liquor, or smoke another cigar as long as he lived. He went straight back to the merchant. Said he, 'Sir, you very properly sent me away this morning for habits that I have been guilty of; but sir, I have neither father nor mother, and though I have occasionally done what I ought not to do, and have not followed the good advice of my poor mother on her death-bed, nor done as I promised her I would do, yet I have now made a solemn vow never to drink another drop of liquor, nor smoke another cigar; and if you sir will only try me it is all I ask.'

The merchant was struck with the decision and energy of the boy, and at once employed him. At the expiration of five years this lad was a partner in the business and is now worth ten thousand dollars. He has faithfully kept his pledge, to which he owes his elevation.

Boys, think of this circumstance, as you enter upon the duties of life, and remember upon what points of character your destiny for good or evil depends. —*Northern Farmer.*

NEVER REPRESS YOUR TEARS.—A lengthy dissertation has recently been published by a physician of France, on the beneficial influence of groaning and crying on the nervous system. He contends that groaning and crying are the two grand operations by which nature allays anguish—that he has uniformly observed that those patients who give way to their natural feelings, more speedily recover from accidents and operations than those who suppose that it is unworthy a man to betray such symptoms of cowardice as either to groan or cry. He is always pleased by the crying and violent roaring of a patient during the time he is undergoing a violent surgical operation, because he is satified that he will thereby soothe his nervous system so as to prevent fever and insure a favorable termination. He relates the case of a man who, by crying and bawling, reduced his pulse from one hundred and twenty six to sixty, in the course of two hours. That some patients often have great satisfaction in groaning, and that hysterical patients experience great relief from crying, are facts which no person will deny. As to restless and hypochondrical subjects, or those who are never happy but when they are under some course of medical or dietetic treatment, the French surgeon assures them that they cannot do better than to groan all day and cry all night.

☞ 'What the fool does in the end, the wise man does in the beginning.'

Infidelity of Life.

'How much is this a yard?' said a lady acquaintance of mine to the proprietor of a large dry goods store.

'that ma'am, is worth"—and he held it up for inspection—'that is selling for three dollars. It is a beautiful piece, ma'am, the best for the price in the city.'

'It is more than I am willing to give,' said the lady. 'I will take it at two dollars.'

The merchant went on, in the usual style, asserting that it was less than cost, but it being her she might have it.

After the lady had gone, said I, 'Why did you sell that without a profit?'

'Why did I? You don't think me so much of a fool as that? I never dispose of goods without a profit.'

'But you told the lady so,' said I.

'Poh! I tell the same to twenty every day. I made fifty per cent on that very cloth,'

He then went to attend another customer, and I thought to myself, here is a man reckoned honorable as a business man, in good standing as a member of —— Church, esteemed a benevolent, liberal Christian, and absolutely lying, according to his own admission, at least twenty times a day, merely to make a good bargain and gain a few pence. Why is he called honorable? Because he will not forfeit his word when overreached by a 'cuter man!' because he pays all his debts when due, to keep up his credit? Yes. These are sufficient in the business world. Why is he esteemed a Christian? Merely because he owns a pew, is a communicant, and gives liberally to benevolent societies.

Judging from the acts of such, and acts are the most correct interpreters of a person's thoughts, what claims have they to such titles as Christians and honorable men? It is not by those acts expected to come before the discriminating public, the men are to be known, but by those little every day transactions where there are supposed to be no observers. When the eye of the community is not upon men is the moment to judge of their honesty. Ask a tradesman why he persists in such a course, and he will readily answer—

'We must do so, if we would live.'

Has mankind so degenerated, that a man of integrity must starve? Are all knaves, that we must deal in falsehoods or die? No, God forbid! It is a libel on the human race to say we cannot prosper and be honest. Let me ask those who answer, 'We must be dishonest,' how many have ever thoroughly tried the opposite course?

Now, have conscience and integrity become barriers to right and success? Each exerts himself to the extent of his sagacity, if not to get the better of a bargain, at least not to be cheated. We need a host of ministers, yes, home missionaries, to preach against this growing faithlessness, this infidelity, this beggary of faith, to preach to each other.—*Waverly Magazine.*

NONSENSE FOR NONSENSE.—Suvaroff, the half mad, half-savage Russian general, used frequently to ask the young officers and soldiers the most absurd questions, considering it a proof of smartness on their part if they gave a prompt reply, and hating above all things 'I dont know' as an answer. He one day went up to a sentry, and, as the man presented arms, Suvaroff said, 'Tell me how many buttons there are on the uniforms of 50,000 men?' 'I can't say,' replied the soldier very naturally; upon which the marshall, according to his custom, began to abuse him and berate him for his stupidity. The Soldier however, knowing Suvaroff's character took courage, and said, 'Well, sir, prehaps it's not every question your excellency could answer yourself; for instance, there are my two aunts—would you please to tell me their names?' The man's quickness atoned for his impudence in the eyes of the general, and the soldier was made a corporal next morning.

LEAN DIET.—A Methodist minister at the West, who lived on a very small salary was greatly troubled at one time to get his quarterly installment. He at last told the paying trustee that he must have his money, as his family were suffering for the necessaries of life. 'Money?' replied the steward. '*You preach for money!* I thought you preached for the good of souls! '*Souls!*' replied the minister; 'I can't *eat* souls, and if I could, it would take a thousand such as yours to make a decent meal.!'

☞ A man must master his learning, and not be mastered by it. The learning of Mather fastened upon his mind like the withering and strangling ivy; that of Southey is sustained by him as graceful as the tendrils of a vine, and adorns him with fruit as with clusters of grapes.—*Goethe.*

☞ There never did, and never will exist anything permanently noble and excellent in a character which is a stranger to the exercise of a resolute self denial.

☞ There are eight hundred idiots in the State of Connecticut, one-fourth of whom are under fourteen years of age.

☞ Richter says—'No man can either live piously, or die righteously, without a wife.'

☞ The practice of photography has been forbidden by the Neapolitan government in Pompeii, Herculaneum, and the Museum.

☞ A classic editor says, if the Naiads were constanty bathing, he presumes, from their name, the Dryads were the ones who brought the towels.

☞ Laziness begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains. It creeps over a man so slowly and imperceptible that he is bound tight before he knows it.

☞ A policeman on night duty sends us the following observation: 'It seems to me that with many young men, the most approved method of winding up the night is reeling it home!'—Punch.

☞ John Wesley said, 'If you cannot reason or persuade a man into the truth never attempt to force him into it. If love will not compel him to come, leave him to God, the Judge of all.'

☞ The tongue is, at the same time, the best part of man and his worst; with good government, none is more useful, and without it none is more mischievous. —*Anacharsis.*

☞ Whenever we find a man who enjoys a wide popularity, we may be assured, however bad his reputation may be, that he has some good qualities in an eminent degree.—*Lord North.*

☞ 'There are words which, like the trumpets, cymbals; and bass drums of mountebanks, attract the public. The words 'beauty,' 'glory,' 'poetry,' have witcheries which seduce the grossest minds.—*Balzac.*

☞ There is no greater instance of a week and pusillanious temper than for a man to pass his whole life in opposition to his own sentiments, and not dare to be what he thinks he ought to be.

☞ 'All pleasure,' says John Foster, 'must be bought at the expense of pain. The difference between false pleasure and true is just this—for the true, the price is paid before you enjoy it; for the false, afterwards.'

☞ Mr. Thackeray, says the Illustrated News, is again in London, having changed his Yankee dollars into Pistrucci and Wyon sovereigns. He looks well, is full of his old drollery, and has caught a little Yankee accent, which like the lisp of the Black Douglas and Sir Walter Scott, 'becomes him wondrous well,'

☞ A descendant of the Marquis of Montrose being taunted by a Campbell for the long time his ancestor's head was stuck upon the Tolbooth at Edinburgh, said: 'Montrose was too good a soldier to quit his post till he was relieved,' alluding to the Marquis of Argyle's head having been placed in its stead after the Restoration.

Take the bright shell
From its home on the lea,
And wherever it goes,
It will sing of the sea;
So take the fond heart
From its home and its hearth,
'Twill sing of the lov'd
To the end of the earth.

☞ 'Mr. Lecount,' wrote a gamekeeper to his master, to whom he was sending a pair of rabbits, 'I have the honor to send you a pair of——' 'Tell me,' said he to a companion, 'how many b's there are in rabbits?' 'That depends upon circumstances,' replied the rustic oracle; 'how many rabbits are you sending?' 'Two.' 'Then four b's of course two to each one.' And the gamekeeper continued, well pleased with the assistance—'a pair of rabbbbits!"

☞ The following sonnet was pronounced by Sidney Smith to be one of the most beautiful in our language:

THE SABBATH.

With silent awe; I hail the sacred morn
Which slowly wakes while all the fields are still.
A soothing calm on every breeze is borne;
A graver murmur gurgles from the rill,
And echo answers softer from the hill,
And softer sings the linnet from the thorn;
The skylight warbles in a tone less shrill.
Hail, light serene! hail, sacred Sabbath morn!
The rooks float silent by, in airy drove;
The sun a placid yellow lustre shows;
The gales that lately sighed along the grove,
Have hushed their downy wings in sweet repose;
The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move;
So smiled the day when the first morn arose.

AN OLD DEACON, whose eyesight was none the best, read a certain passage of scripture to his astonished hearers in this wise: 'And a solemn man had three hundred porcupines and two hundred knives.'

A GOOD ONE.—A gentleman in his eagerness at the table to answer a call for some apple pie, owing to the knife slipping on the bottom of the plate, found his knuckles buried in the crust when a wag who sat opposite him, very gravely observed, while he held his plate: Sir I'll trouble you for a bit of pie while your hand is in.